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OF

YANKEE LAND.

BY

AELLA GREENE.

EIGHTH EDITION.

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TO

MY NEW ENGLAND FRIENDS,

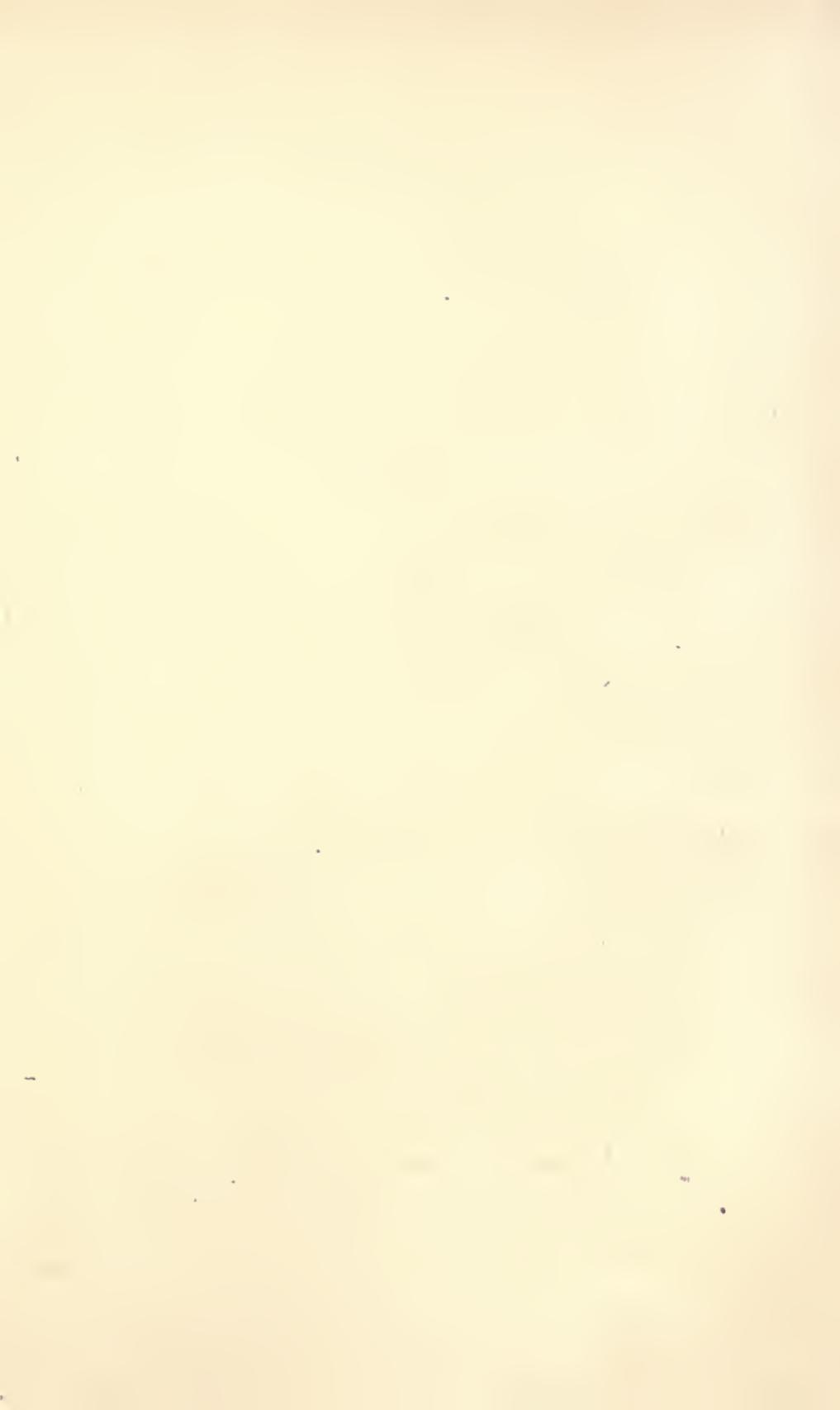
AT HOME AND WESTWARD,

I Dedicate

THESE

“RHYMES OF YANKEE LAND.”

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THE

SMITHVILLE WORTHIES.

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SQUIRE SMITH.

OLD Mister Smith of Smithville died
Two weeks ago to-day;
We always thought the person lied
Who said he'd pass away.

With buoyant step, and fragrant breath,
And face with health aglow,
He seemed no older near his death
Than twenty years ago.

But gone he has, at last, from earth,
As every mortal must,
Of noble or of lowly birth,
Unrighteous they, or just.

Though it may seem as useless quite,
To weep and make ado,
Still, I have thought it well to write
Of him a rhyme or two.

Possessing not a noted name,
Nor piles of treasure high,
He yet enjoyed of pelf and fame
A moderate supply.

For comely speech, and good intent,
And for his neat attire,
The villagers with one consent,
Regarded him as “Square.”

Attending church on Sabbath days,
As everybody should,

He joined in all the prayer and praise,
As pious people would.

Within the week he walked in town,
On pleasant afternoons,
Wearing a modest suit of brown,
And humming quiet tunes.

He kept his temper all the while,
In weather dry or wet ;
And had a penny, or a smile,
For every child he met.

Of joy his heart the source and spring,
To him no dark nor wrong ;
He seemed from bitterest grief to bring
The melody of song.

At inns he never lingered much,
For beer and greater grog ;
When coming home from clubs and such,
Was never in a fog.

The Squire no stated calling had,
A “jack at every trade ; ”.
At neither one was reckoned bad,
But quite a figure made.

Three years a farmer’s life he led ;
There seemed to him a charm,
To gain his raiment and his bread,
By managing a farm.

For several years he kept a school,
In an adjoining place ;

Maintaining there a pleasant rule,
With dignity and grace.

He also wrote a little book
About his native town,
That had a literary look,—
Done up in covers brown.

To Washington he never went,
As statesman had no forte ;
Yet twice had been as juror sent,
And once to General Court !

He did not take to allopaths,
As would some other men,
But patronized cold water baths,
And sometimes took cayenne.

He spurned a miser as a thief,
And acted, "on the square;"
Though not a Mason, my belief
Is Smith had once been there.

He kept his courage always up,
And kept his record clear;
Kept only water in his cup,
And kept his wife so dear.

He kept of Sabbaths fifty-two;
Kept everything of worth;
Kept more than most of people do,
And always kept "the Fourth."

He kept his course with ease and grit;
Kept all he thought or heard,

That was for keeping really fit;

And always kept his word.

Smith led a quiet, even life,

And died when near fourscore,

Leaving to mourn him his good wife,

And grown up children four.

And on that saddest funeral day,

There gathered at his bier,

A thousand friends, as true and tried,

As ever shed a tear.

Within the churchyard, 'neath a yew,

They made his grave with care;

And lingeringly they bade adieu,

With sorrow, and with prayer.

Ye better bards, to whom belong
High themes and lofty verse,
Still deem as not unworthy song,
The life these lines rehearse.

Although a humble man was he,
Our Smith was still a man;
As good on earth we seldom see,
And better, never can.

DOCTOR BLISS.

THE people were so seldom sick
That it was very true,
The one physician in the town
Had not enough to do.

This doctor was a gentleman,
Of average grace and wit,
Who studied just six years, until
For practice fully fit.

Then took his “sheep-skin” and his leave,
And unto Smithville went,
There hung his shingle out, and lived
Until his days were spent.

Although an allopath, he felt
Not very much inclined,
To be at odds with those who had
A different course in mind.

Indulging patients in their whims,
He seldom would refuse
Such mild "botanics" as their friends
Might deem it best to use.

He was so kind, this Doctor Bliss,
To press him there to stay,
The townsmen all agreed by vote,
A salary to pay.

That potent medicine, a smile,
He carried everywhere,

To cheer the sick, and drive away
That worst of curses, care.

A wit declared, and it was true,
When sickness was about,
The doctor, walking through the town,
Could *look the sickness out.*

There is a legend wide extant,
Once Death came walking by,
The doctor challenged him to fight
And made the monster fly.

But Bliss, devoted to the art
Of making people well,
To sickness and to medicine,
At last, a victim fell.

He loved the Squire, and looked like him,
Clad trim in brown attire;
Near him he lived, and now at death,
Is buried near the Squire.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER.

A WORTHY gentleman in town,
Respected and revered,
Was William Wilson, learned and wise,
A teacher born and reared.

He was a very proper man,
Yet cheerful as was meet;
None were more knowing in the place,
Nor any so discreet.

The little school-house where he taught
For twenty years and more,
Had but three windows on a side,
And one above the door.

It cost six hundred dollars, just,
As records do appear;
And yet the scholars came to think
The place was very dear.

It stood upon the village green,
Hard by the "center church;"
Was well supplied with furniture,
But unsupplied with birch.

This Wilson had a better way
To punish recreant boys,
Who had been lazy at their books,
Or making needless noise.

Within a very "dreadful book,"
Where every crime had grade;

For every wrong a scholar did,
So many checks were made.

These famous checks had come to be
Regarded with such dread,
Some of the culprits thought it were
Far better to be dead.

With patience and with kindly care,
He led his pupils through
The path of common learning, till
They every feature knew.

And oft, perchance, they caught a glimpse
Of classic grove and field,
And felt a longing for the fruits
Those pleasant regions yield;

But Euclid and "the languages,"
In district schools of yore,
Were all discarded and forbid,
As very useless lore.

Since Wilson gave up teaching school,
Ten years and five have passed;
But through a century to come
His influence shall last.

He still resides within the town;
And though threescore and ten,
The people all declare he is
The comeliest of men.

CRISPIN CRANE.

IN praise of one whose worth and wit
The Smithville people prize;

Who, by a timely repartee,
Found favor in their eyes:

Disciple of St. Crispin he,
And christened Crispin Crane,
He mended boots and shoes for folks,
To get his bread and gain.

A kind, a brave, a little man,
But five feet tall when up,
He booted well each man that came,
And then would ask to sup.

His dwelling was adjacent to
His little shop, you see;
So, often, did his customers
“Drop in” to take some tea.

He took their measure in the shop;
When guests, they came to find
He fully had the power to take
The measure of their mind.

Full often, in the village store,
A brainless, brassy brag,
Did all the village people bore,
Defeating wise and wag.

The townsmen said, “If any man
Will squelch that dolt and fool,
•

We'll send him to the capitol,
Or fee his son at school."

One eve he boasted loud how great
His understanding was ;
" Let him among you show such mind,
A greater mind who has ! "

Said Crane—and pointed to his feet—
" Your 'standings large ! forsooth ;
None may gainsay the fact, for I
The measure took of both."

Annihilation is no name
For how that fellow felt ;
He hasted out and little boys
With pebbles him did pelt.

The morrow was town-meeting day,
And ere the time was spent,
They voted all that Crane should be
To legislature sent.

He proved so wise a little man,
So jolly with his friends,
So loth to speak, and always, then,
To bring about good ends,

So keen, and quick, and powerful, too.
A boasting man to floor ;
Some of the members of the House,
I think about a score,

Drew up a paper in due form,
And set to it their “fist,”

Of which, if records are correct,

The following is the gist:

“Good Mister Smith, respected Squire,

And friend of Crispin Crane;

We wish, at your election, you

Would send him here again.”

He went again, and still once more,

Until six times in all;

Nor by the lures of lobby men

Did he from honor fall.

’Twas in his time of public life

A party rose and fell,

Whose bad disaster at their schemes

’Tis pleasurable to tell.

Late in the term a question rose
This party called the test;
For which their leader spoke at length,
With artificial zest;

And wound his closing period up
To show "How blessed the land,
When 'garjuns' of the public peace
Labor reformers stand!"

"Labor reformers!" Crispin quoth,
"That means too proud to work!
And rightly named, for well you like
Life's burdens all to shirk.

"You're all adventurers and shams,
Unknown to honest toil,

Full frequent at the village inns,
And in the cheaper broils.

“ Below the wrath of common men,
Too cheap for ours by half,
We’ll not oppose your plannings, but
Explode them with a laugh ! ”

The wit that beamed in Crispin’s eyes
Put all in merry mood,
As rang around the galleries
One soul-refreshing “ Good ! ”

The gavel man forgot to rap,
Reporters dropped their notes,
Some member moved “ the question ! ” and—
The measure had twelve votes !

And that's the way the party died
By this sarcastic Crane;
And hence the reason he was sent
To General Court again.

And since he finished there for all,
And closed his public life,
He's just as busy in his shop
And pleasant to his wife.

When once as petit juror drawn,
Crane went to county court,
To find how much the panel work
Was his delight and forte.

The court was held in meager hall,
Quite hot on summer days,

And in its age so trembling weak
'Twas fastened up by stays.

The judge who ruled that county court
Had good judicial grace;
He spoke melodiously, but wore
A stern, though sunny, face.

Serenely beamed through glasses bright,
The long-tried county clerk;
Who able seemed for many years
To swear men into work.

Across the court room from his chair
Crane saw, in buff and blue,
The sheriff sit in dignity,
A pleasant man to view.

To try a foolish case about
The matter of a "V,"
It cost a hundred dollars, just,
Besides the lawyers' fee.

The "great case" of the term was next
Before Crane's panel brought,
In which a citizen his claims
Of railway people sought.

The wooden witnesses were turned
By crafty lawyers round,
And made to swear that light was dark.
And broken cars were sound.

The lawyers, next, their arguments
Unto his honor spoke;

And in their speech most fearfully
The ninth commandment broke.

The proper judge, polite and prompt,
The jurors charged full clear ;
And they a verdict gave, unbought
By favor, love, or fear.

It didn't suit defendants much ;
To make a greater stench,
They vowed to carry up the case
Unto the higher bench.

One afternoon there came a lull
In business of the court,
As lazy lawyers couldn't get
Their clients to report.

The judge evinced a wish to quit,
And bade to end the assize;
"For when there is no work to do,
This court had better rise."

The crier closed the court, and said,
"God save the Commonwealth!"
Opposing lawyers parted friends,
And wished each other health.

Crane's panel parted on the steps
Of that low, dingy hall,
With little hope it would give way
To comely building tall.

The public men who had in charge
The matter of a site,

Had passed their time in foolish fuss
That grew into a fight.

That dingy court-house stands there still !
A relic of the past ;
Wherein the lawyers show their wit,
And argue questions vast.

MR. JONES, THE SMITH.

A STALWART, strong and cheerful man,
Our village Vulcan, Jones,

Was no exception to the rule
That smiths are seldom drones.

From morning stars till evening dews
His swinging hammer rang,
In keeping with the words and tunes
Of ballads which he sang.

Around his shop tall maples grew
And robins caroled there,
And rose and daffodil exhaled
Their sweetness on the air.

The gladdest man in town, he saw
More sadness than the rest,
But found his joy in frequent work
To have the saddened blest.

The humbler people of the place
Esteemed him very dear ;
And men of higher rank than Jones
Have sought his shop for cheer.
Did any speak of loss, he showed
The faith which never tires ;
Or tell of luck, his face would glow
As ruddy as his fires.

And men who shine as millionaires
And rulers in the land,

Are glad to say, that, years ago,
He gave a helping hand,
And spoke the words of cheer that gave
Them courage for the fight,
And patience, as they watched through dark
The coming of the light.

He seeks no higher station than
His anvil and his home;
But neighbors think he'll have high place
In that good world to come.
His life, throughout, an argument
How grand the humble man,
In meekness who performeth all
The noble deeds he can.

ABIJAH BEERS.

THOUGH Smithville was so blest of heaven,
To it one tedious thorn was given.
The place had one perfected sinner,
Most surely who had been the winner,
Did he and Satan run a race
On any course away from grace.
Supremely mean in all his deeds;
His heart as hard as flint; the needs
Caused by his extortions moved him not,
The pining poor were all forgot;
Selfish, thick, marble-faced and stern,
Full quick to sin, and apt to learn
The ways of avarice and wrong;

On primal sin improving long,
He chose oppression for his art,
And practiced it with all his heart ;
His sinning cloaked with graciousness,
And cursed when he appeared to bless.
He so gifted in causing tears
Had fitting name, Abijah Beers.
May gods protect if here; again,
So bad a man 'mong living men ;
And there was not, since earth began,
So much of meanness in a man.
The liberals declared for hell,
Else where could that great sinner dwell.
He died at last as fools do die ;
Thistles thrive where his ashes lie !

LIGHT FROM DARK.

INTO THE SUNSHINE.

COME to the sunshine bringing bloom,

For the rose there's always room;

Come to the sunshine bringing bloom.

Out from darkness and from night

Into the beams of morning light,

Out from darkness and from night.

Into the sunshine for relief,

Bring the troubled sons of grief;

Into the sunshine for relief.

Into the sunshine with a song,

Grasp their hand and lead them strong

Into the sunshine with a song.

Bring to the sunshine of your trust ;
If they succeed, you surely must
Bestow the sunshine of your trust.

Full and free, to all impart
The sunshine of a generous heart ;
Full and free to all impart.

Live in the sunshine while you live,
And unto all your sunshine give ;
Live in the sunshine while you live.

Into the sunshine when you die,
Into the sunshine up to the sky ;
Into the sunshine when you die.

REST IN WORK.

O H, tell me some secluded place,
Where, weary with this fitful race,
These tired limbs awhile may rest,
These tired eyes with sleep be biest,
This aching heart be freed from cares,
From disappointments and despairs,
And breathe there o'er my soul a calm,
Amid the fragrance and the balm.

Yet, if it be not wise to rest ;
If calls the race for speed and zest,
Or shine the fields with harvest white
That must be garnered ere the night,

My feet shall run, my hands shall toil,
No sighs for rest my purpose foil
To do the work and do it well.

No friends so fair or foes so fell
Shall win or fright me from the task,
Nor lessening of the work I'll ask.

I'll bear a manly part in life,
Nor fret or falter in the strife ;
And, spirit crushed or heart depressed,
Yet full of hope, alive with zest,
Protract youth's joys far into age,
Walk royally on pilgrimage ;
Be meek, but not a dolt nor slave ;
Patient in dole, in danger brave ;
'Till, blossomed white with grief or joy,
I take my bliss without alloy.

But tell me some sweet resting-place,
That I may better run the race;
A respite give awhile from pain,
That I the grief may bear again.

Yet if this boon be still denied,
Oh! Thou to whom none fruitless cried,
Grant me at least one sweet relief;
Since there are ever sons of grief,
Grant me to help them bear the load
And teach to tread the paths I trod;
In sympathy with those who weep
A respite from my sorrows reap.

“YEA, WELCOME GRIEF.”

YEA, welcome grief in every form,—
Of biting blast or whelming storm;
The streams that would an ocean fill,
Or slow, continuous, wearing rill;
Or trouble's flail, or sorrow's mill;
A thorny path up rocky hill,
Or desert sands to scorch the feet,
Where torrid suns in fervor beat;
Or barren, drear, and sunless plains,
Where gloomy winter monarch reigns.

Up rocky hills sweet arbors are,
And not a flaming sword to bar;

And shineth still, though still afar,
Hope's blessed, bright, benignant star.
Hot deserts their oases have ;
And, crossed, the pleasant splash of wave.
And sound of brooks, and warbling grove,
Shall lift the pilgrim's heart above.

The true man says, though die I must,
Till death I'll keep a beaming trust,
Though every plan should fall in dust,
And choicest treasures yield to rust.
Night brings the day, grief bringeth bliss ;
And never that but cometh this.
Peace follows war, thorns speak the rose ;
Fatigue foreruns a sweet repose ;
And he who toils, nor seeks for rest,
With respite from his work is blest.

Or this the doctrine of true saints,
That he who hath but patient plaints,
And interludes his woe with songs,
To royal race and home belongs ;
And, crowned, shall come in little time
To thrones, and feast, and heavenly chime ;
And gain within this earthly clime,
A joy above all harp and rhyme !

“HOW BLESSED AND TRUE THE BELIEF”

HOW blessed and true the belief,
That the joy which comes after grief
Is sweeter, and never so brief
As other joys.

How grandly inspiring the thought,
That the bliss by bitterness bought,
Is nearer to heaven than aught
On earth beside.

How sweet after storm is the sun,
And rest after labor is done,—
The peace that by battling is won,
And wealth, by toil.

If discouraged and distressed,
With sorrow and with care oppressed,
And sins confessed and unconfessed,
And every ill,

The heart were struggling for relief,
And found no succor from its grief,
In buoyant trust and bright belief—
How sad the earth.

But rules converse of these obtain,
Nor mortal suffered yet in vain,
A trivial nor the largest pain,
Nor ever will.

So let the troubled take good heart,
Learn well of suffering the art,

Nor shun to share a generous part

In life's good griefs.

Right where unkindest luck o'ertakes,

Our happy planning rudely breaks,

Of choicest treasures havoc makes,

We shall succeed.

We shall succeed, for God ordains,

Whoever suffers loss or pains,

Shall reap therefor abundant gains,

The interest due.

Of none the Father has such care,

As those who have abundant share

Of losses and of griefs to bear,

And foes to meet.

“THE SUGAR CAMP IN EARLY SPRING.”

THE sugar camp, in early spring,
Was fragrant 'neath the hill;

Where liquid sweet, from maple trees,
Did pleasantly distill.

Beneath the slab-roofed shed the fires,
O'er which the kettles hung,
And when the syrup “grained” in time
The cranes were outward swung.

Then “dips” of waxen sugar, John,
You offered to the girls;
Two smiling dears of sweet sixteen,
With innocence and curls.

One was a sister, good and true,
The other choicer friend,
Whom afterwards you vowed to love,
Till earthly days should end.

And now the kerchief that she hemmed
Is moist with tears you shed,
To think that ere the wedding day
Your bonnie Jane was dead.

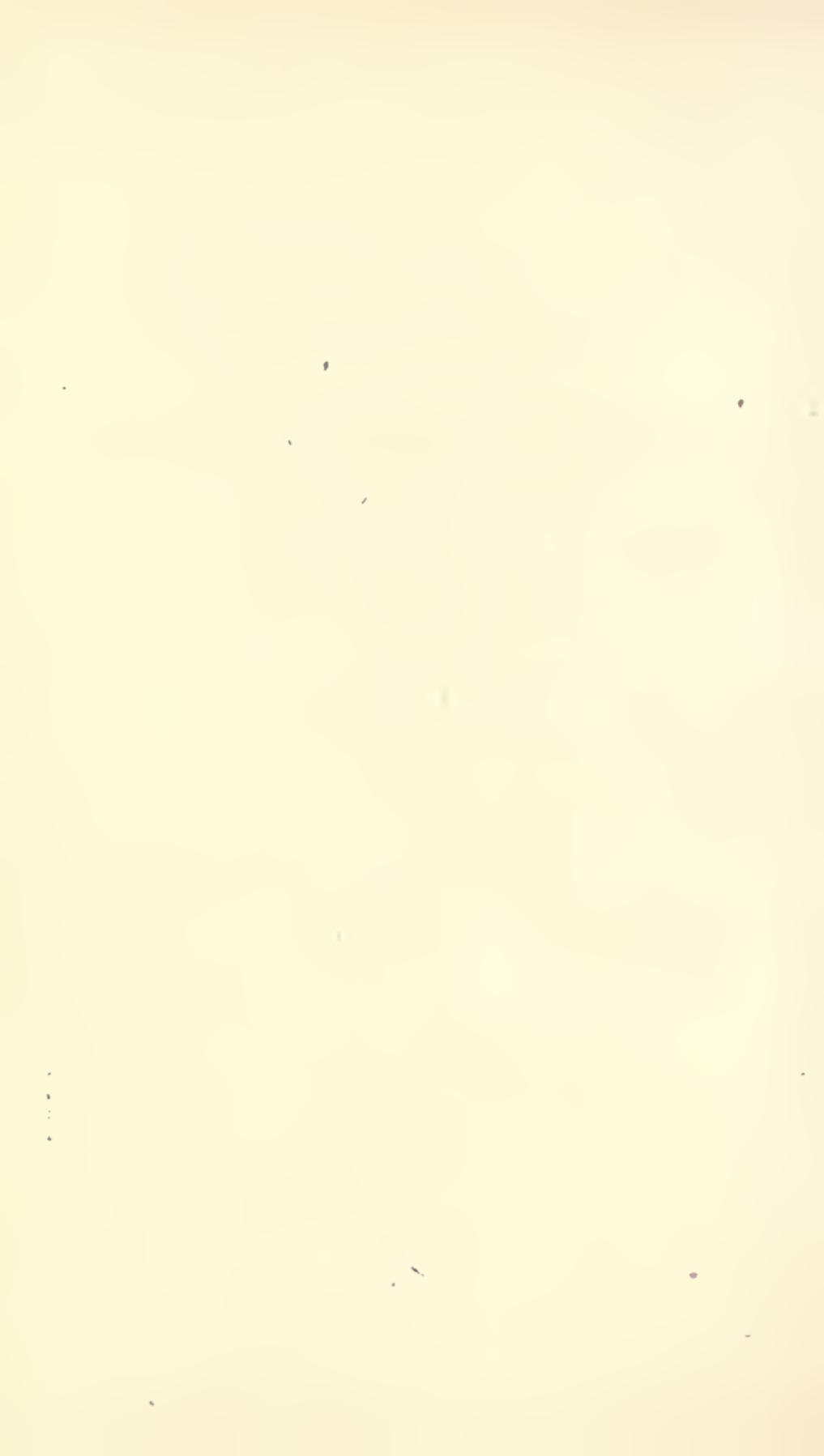
And so you sigh, and so you learn
It is how sadly true,
Our choicest good and dearest friend
Do quickly fade from view.

But every day you live to mourn
You seem so much a man,

I am inclined to think the loss
Is other than a ban.

And yet 'tis tender business this,
To rightly touch the heart,
Which even long ago was called
From troth or kin to part.

MISCELLANEOUS.



MY COMRADE'S GRAVE.

A CHRISTIAN, comrade, son, and friend*
Is slumbering 'neath this sod;
His form is there, his name with us,
His spirit with his God.

Fit place it is for hero's grave,
Where mountain zephyrs play;
Where fair ones bring the choicest flowers,
And good men pause to pray.

To designate his sepulcher,
We raise this shaft, but trust
His deeds shall live when monuments
Are crumbled into dust.

* John J. Bisbee, of Worthington.

A TRIBUTE.

KIND, Christian lady, faithful friend
Accept each humble line,

Inscribed, in heartfelt praise, to worth
And noble deeds like thine.

How wise thy words, and fitly said ;
They guide, encourage, cheer ;
Dispel the darkness of defeat,
With hope displacing fear.

Some kindnesses are burdensome,
In fact, designed as debts ;
Not thine, these favors, which, increased,
But multiply regrets.

Like showers thy benedictions come,
Refreshing as the dew ;
Delightful as the morning sun,
Or as the upper blue.

Ah ! gentle friend, how bright the earth
In every clime would be,
Did all admire and practice, too,
Unselfishness like thee.

THE SWEETHEART.

SO bold, should one of you accuse
That some sweet girl inspires my muse,
To all the rest it would be news,
But not to me.

She never tells the blessed fact,
By any word or any act,
Evincing such consummate tact,
To keep it hid

She is not reckoned on the list,
Of those who try to "keep it whist;"
And in the search she might assist,
And no one guess.

We'll keep the secret a little more,
Then, as so many have before,
We'll seek the parson's friendly door,
And tell it there.

A MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL our special charge,
Wherein the little and the large,
Shall sweetest truths of gospel learn ;
Do greatest work, nor smallest spurn ;
But deem it ever grandest lot,
To gather in from hall and cot,
From way-side stroll, or nursery door,
The children of the rich and poor,
And teach them from the gospel word
The record of the blessed Lord,
Who came to earth, and took our dust,
And died to give us chance to trust.
No bashful boy without our door,

Shall weep that no one prizes more,
Nor asks to have a place within
The walls designed to fence out sin.
We welcome each, and welcome all,
And at the joy-inspiring call,
Of Sabbath bell, on Sabbath morn,
When brightest smiles his face adorn,
And at the eve, and through the week,
Each teacher will for learners seek,
And seek them gladly, grandly, too,
As angels highest errands do.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE BOYS.

WE count above our common good,
Selectest of our joys,
What people did in sunny times,
When you and I were boys.

'Mid lilacs and the clover bloom,
Our early moments ran ;
And happy in the songs of birds,
We journeyed up to man.

These scenes so blest to realize,
Are brighter, brighter far,
That memory doth with golden key
The gates of light unbar.

What other cure the world prescribes,
By far the safest, best,
Is glancing at our early days,
Is retrospect and rest.

From cares and crowds of urban life,
From traffic of the town ;
From wearing toil in dust and din,
From griefs that weigh you down ;

From present ill, and future dread,
And all that fetters thee,
Come to the country and the past,
Be innocent and free.

Review the scenes of early days,
With kind, religious care ;

The neighborhood once all your world,
And every object there.

The pansied yard, the slant well-sweep,
And apple orchard near;
The ancient farm-house, broad and red,
By many memories dear;

The hay-field and the pasture wide,
The fences by the lane;
The thick-leaved maples where you hid
When pattered down the rain;

The road where erst the stage-coach ran,
You studied as it passed;
That yellow coach with "thorough-brace,"
And built to have it last;

The level and the hilly road,
On which you trudged to school,
To "make your manners" and to learn
Hard Colburn's sum and rule;

The school-house with its seats and stove,
And desks where jack-knives wrought,
And all the friendships that arose
'Twixt teacher and the taught;

The ancient church and man of prayer,
And gracious words and looks;
The lessons of the Sunday class,
And pleasant Sunday books—

These, and the thousand other scenes
Thine early being knew

Shall bring thee blessed light and balm,
And keep thee fresh and true.

By frequently reviewing them.

Thou shalt be young till death
Shall lift thee to the rarer bliss
Of everlasting breath.

THE YANKEE WESTWARD.

IN every western state they are,
True sons of Yankee land,

With earnest heart and buoyant hopes,
And ready, skillful hand ;

With native wit and lore of books,
Clear fire and common sense ;
With grit and patience to endure
And earnestness intense.

They go with lasting faith and pluck,
A freshness, and a trust,
They kept alive when erst they laid
The Briton in the dust ;

To fell the forest and to build
The railway and the mill ;
A pilgrim school in every glen,
A church on every hill ;

To fence and till in yeoman farms,
The prairie and ravine,
And build smart cities, in the wilds
Where Indian foot hath been.

They go to win a lasting name
For Yankees and the right,
And show to "redskin," Dutch and Celt,
Their shrewdness and their might ;

To utilize the beautiful,
The useful beautify ;

The toiler's station, and his work,
With art to dignify.

They go to win achievements grand
In all the arts of peace,
And lead the van of progress, till
Time's course at last shall cease.

Fear not that in this boundlessness
The Yankee will be lost,
Though not the farthest western wild
But his sure foot hath crossed.

All that is sacred, fresh, or strong,
In Plymouth Rock and shore,
Transplanted in the widening West,
Shall live for evermore.

And so, Utopia realized,
Our land shall be adored,
Till all the kingdoms of the earth,
Are kingdoms of the Lord.

“TWO DECADES BRIGHT.”

TWO decades bright with blessings since
We 'gan life's road together,
And each to other promised faith
In every sort of weather. .

With gratitude and joyfulness
At good with which He crowned us,
We look unto the Father high,
And thank the friends around us.

And here with them we offer prayers,
That, through each coming season,
Our friends and we abundantly
Be blest with health and reason.

And, that we have great things to say,

We're minded first and chiefly,

The words that speak and reach the heart

Are spoken plain and briefly.



CHICAGO'S TRIAL BY FIRE.

THE proudest city of the West
In desolation laid,

Chicago mourns her fortunes burned,
Like gossamer they fade.

The meager cot, the grand hotel,
The depot and exchange,
Are swept within the marching flame,
Whose onward maddening range

Devours a league of marble wealth,
And brings to naught the great,
At yester-eve who sat apart,
Ensconced in princely state ;

And, musing on their large success,
Planned larger wealth to gain ;
But learn so soon, how sadly true,
That human hopes are vain.

Men of all stations hurry forth
Rank now a thing unknown,
And 'scape, if so the flames permit,
The fiery, widening, zone,
Whose devastating sweep doth blot
The grandest works of men ;
As though the ancient Sodom scourge
Had rained on earth again.

Large pity for the desolate,
And reverence for God,

Are lessons of this ordeal
As spreads the news abroad.
Then pour your wealth and comforts in
To mend the losses made,
And ask the Lord to bid the fire,
"Let, here, thy waves be stayed."

God's judgments are inscrutable,
But wisely all designed ;
Or fire, or flood, or pestilence,
Or devastating wind.
And grand the city shall arise
From ruins of to-day ;
And, in the future of the land,
Hold on its prosperous way.

Springfield, October 9, 1871.

“THE PAPER.”

BE it the ponderous city print,
Depicting urban ways,
With columns crowded with details
Of enterprise and frays ;
Or, less pretentious and disturbed,
The country weekly calm,
Delighting well the villagers
With sentences like balm ;

It hath important mission, fraught
With all that blesses earth,
And often maps the surest road
To usefulness and worth.

It hath the ward of interests
High, ever-during, great ;
Minute as little hamlets are,
And wide as is the state.

The writer at his paragraphs,
The printer working by ;
I pray their health and happiness
May never come to “pi ;”
And that the sheet they print may live
For many years to come,
Prepaid, respected, and the light
Of rail-car, 'Change and home.

BE CHEERFUL EVER.

IT seems to me we might better our lot,
And lessen our ills by a half,
By thinking them simply the sort of jokes
To entertain with a laugh.

When Benjamin Beau, so rich and polite,
Weds the girl whose hand you had sought,
Then seek for another and better than she,
For still there are better uncaught.

When Jones of your village is chosen to Court,
And you remain out in the cold,
Then laugh and be glad to think you've escaped
The bickerings they have in the fold.

If, on fashionable streets, the bon ton
Salute you with "never a nod,"
Be happy at heart, a nobleman still,
Though doomed like a plebeian to plod.

When Fate rules adverse in everything,
Demolishing every plan ;
To laugh is difficult, then, I'll admit,
But glorious to laugh, if you can.
Toil on contentedly, then, in your sphere,
With sighing and scolding have done,
For troubles are still productive of good,
Albeit as curses they're known.

IN ALL LABOR THERE IS PROFIT.

THERE'S not a toiler on the earth

But gains a good reward,

The recognition of his worth,

In blessings from the Lord.

And only they whose idle hands

Disdain the honest toil,

In harvest sigh of barren lands,

And lack for corn and oil.

No matter what the work may be,

If it be honest work ;

To plow the land, or plow the sea,

Or Christianize the Turk. .

But work with all thy might the day,
And work with trusting heart;
Cast useless doubts and fears away,
And act a manly part;

For comes there still a blessed time
When those who do and dare,
Shall gain the bright and better clime;
And there's no toiling there.

And not beyond this world alone
Accrue the joys to pay,
For burdens borne and labors done,
In this, our working day.

But here we have abundant good,
And choicest blessings given,

Of earthly peace a plenitude,
To indicate our heaven.

Art thou of high or plebeian birth,
Still sure is thy reward,
If thou hast labored on the earth
And trusted in the Lord.

The poor distinctions made by men
Are unessential there;
Our work and worth avail us then,
And not the names we bear.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

ACCEPT, selectest man I know,
Who met my sadder years,
And all unmindful of thy griefs,
Was mindful of my tears ;
Whose kindness, when but few were kind,
And noble gentleness,
Came so refreshingly to me,
And royally did bless ;

Accept the gratitude, too small,
My heart would offer thee,
For thine example and thine aid . .
So freely granted me ;

The heartiest words and kindest deeds
Wisely, but freely, given,
Imparting to my bitterest hours
A foretaste of my heaven.

Once scorned by those whom I had blest,
And doubted for my trust,
My pleasant plans were broken all;
My hopes were in the dust.
Then thou didst cheer me—blessed hour!
And sacred be the spot,
Till earth's ignoble men are both
Forgiven and forgot.

“SHE PLACED THE BITTER SWEET.”

TO girlhood's home returning,
She placed the bitter sweet
Within the grand old mansion,
Where sunbeams shadows meet;

And modest said, “Henceforward
Be kindness all my theme;
With constant hand dispensing,
The moments to redeem;

And teach, if I have suffered,
I would the world be blest;
And pray, if I have struggled,
The weary have good rest;”

Then thanked the Heavenly Father
Who kept her name so sweet,
That, through the bitter trials,
Her ways were all discreet.

The silver tresses mingling
Her raven locks among
Mean more than years, they index
Her heart's own sorrows wrung;

Of which most like she tells not,
So reticent of grief;
As most like she hath suffered
Too deeply for belief.

Beyond that first revealing
She speaks not of her lot;

Praying her many sorrows

By earth be all forgot.

To girlhood's home returning

She placed the bitter sweet,

Within the grand old mansion,

Where sunbeams shadows meet!

This home by Hope be guarded;

More sweet than bitter there;

There pleasant sunshine linger,

Dispelling clouds of care.

WILLIAMSBURG.

ATTEMPT the scene at Williamsburg,
And paint that fearful day

When friends, and families and towns
Were sudden swept away.

The eve before a peaceful sun

Smiled on the valley green ;
And happy sang Mill River, then,
Meandering through the scene !

In mansion, and in cottage, peace ;

At rest each busy mill ;
All deemed they had good lease of life,
And pleasant seasons, still.

And all was peace at break of morn ;
Men waked from happy dreams,

To hear the music of the birds,

And warbling of the streams !

Yon slight pent mountain lake 'gan burst,

To plunge the valley down !

A horseman rides in haste, to warn

The nearest 'dangered town !

Then Hillman brave takes up the cry,

And bravest Myron Day,

“ Ye people of the valley homes !

The flood ! Quick ! Haste away ! ”

Swift came the floods and blotted out

A hundred homes and more ;

And had not those swift couriers rode,

There were a hundred score.

But, heeding their prompt warnings given,

To hillsides haste the throng ;

Yet many stay to be engulfed

As sweeps the tide along !

The strong-built mills in atoms fall !

And on the swollen tide,

Large forest trees, houses and rocks

In mixed destruction ride.

And roars the torrent down the vale

To do still further death ;

And sweep still other towns away

With its devouring breath.

In one brief hour the work is done !

And then the saddest scene

That after wars, or wasting fires,

On earth hath ever been.

One wide destruction meets the eye ;

On every hand the dead ;

Strong, sun-browned men weep like the child,
And tremble with sore dread!

No time for words, no time for grief,
No time for funeral train;
But, mid the wrecks and debris piles,
All searching for the slain;
And all too sad to question why
Was this destruction made,
And ask on whom shall be the blame
Of this great ruin laid.

Mill River Valley desolate,
Its fields and homes laid waste,
Bears witness loud against the men
Who built their walls in haste.
As sad we gaze on Williamsburg,
And mourn the lack of skill,

That cost so many precious lives

And busy store and mill;

We'll vow eternal hate for fraud,

And eschew lies and shams;

Be honest in our daily lives,

Nor order fragile dams.

And if it be this sacrifice

Shall make the people wise,

To tone our weeping there might well

Some gratitude arise!

God bless the men who rode to tell

The coming of the flood;

And grant these heroes for their deeds

Abundant days and good.

May pleasant stars beam bright to bless

Whose hands kind dressed the dead,

And freely for the rescued ones
A prompt abundance spread.

Brave pastor* of the stricken church,
Serene 'mid peril's shock ;
Industrious searching through the plain
For loved ones of thy flock ;
Good teacher of the Sunday class,
Who beamed with grandest joy
To welcome from the waves alive
The much-loved manly boy !

And faithful lover, who, that morn,
Left home in mountain street,
To seek a valley cottage trim
And his good sweetheart greet ;

*Rev. J. F. Gleason.

Met news that Leeds was swept away,

His dearest treasure gone,

But, choking quick his mighty grief,

Walked calm and rapid on;

Then eager searched for her remains,

Wept tears when she was found,

And silent stood to see her form

Laid in the burial ground;

And fenced the cottage site, to keep,

That none might ruthless tread,

Where dawnd his hopes, and where, at last,

His pleasant hopes were dead!

And aged man, who mourned the loss

Of silvered partner dear,

But mingled truest bravery

With every falling tear;

And all who ready did their best
To mitigate the grief
Of mourning hearts, and build therein
Again, a bright belief

That God would overrule in love
This vast calamity,
And make those direst ills we know
Perpetual good to be—
'Tis ye I reckon, and your like,
Deserving hearty praise;
As bravest victors for the flag,
Deserve the nation's bays.

“FENCE UP THE WAY.”

RIGHT careful with his roadsters,
A traveler* down the way,

Was driving through the valley,
At close of wintry day;

When on the high bridge passing
It parted, thundering down;
Our traveler is sore wounded,
The waves the roadsters drown !

Far in the night discovered,
The men who roused him say,

*Mr. Edward Moseley, Westfield, Mass.

Thus spoke his care for others,
“Fence up the dangerous way!”

And, this precaution taken,
They bear him to an inn,
Where, with his dawning reason,
His questionings begin

About the steeds that pleased him,
And quick his voice would tell,
And swift, and strong, but gently,
Would course the plain so well.

Informed his pets were buried,
His tender heart burst forth,
“But they were my good darlings,
And more than gold their worth!”

And through the days succeeding
Friends watched his coming health,
And mourned the bridge that wrecked him
And spoiled his choicest wealth.

Heaven grant we heed the warning,
Our friends from wrong to stay;
That they be not sore tempted,
Fence up each dangerous way.

And may all towns remember
To make their bridges strong,
That there be no more perils
Like this we build in song.

A WORD OF CHEER.

TO A LADY, ON HER SEVENTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

GOOD woman, wise, that thou hast lived
To cheer thy friends so long,
Deserves full grander verse than this
Brief offering of song.

Thy days be pleasant till they close,
And when thy sun fades west,
Thine be an entrance through the gates,
To meet the good and blest!

THEY MEET AGAIN.

(SCENE IN BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASS.)

“ I 'LL greet my old-time lover;
 Come, brother, drive away,
I'll greet my old-time lover,
 On this delightful day !

“ His home is 'mong these landscapes
 Where we the season keep;
I know he'll greet me kindly,
 But will we joy or weep ?

“ Though sad and though unwedded,
 I'll be quite blithe to-day,
And greet my old-time lover;
 Come, brother, drive away !

“Ours be a pleasant meeting;
Our words be true and plain;
And I’ll be wise and chary
To give his wife no pain.”

The roadsters knew their errand
And grandly sped along,
As sweep the waves of music
In a majestic song..

And at her brother’s asking
He neared the carriage side,
To greet his old-time sweetheart
Who had not been a bride.

With earnest words and wishes
That were not spoken loud,

And eyes a little tearful,
And spirits far from proud!

They asked each other's welfare,
And of old scenes and new;
And spoke of friends still living,
And some beneath the yew;

Then bade adieu so bravely
It was a scene to paint,
Unmarred by foolish sighing
Or plaint to match a plaint!

They wished each other blessing
Through all the coming days;
And I, who sing, bespeak them
Abundant cause for praise!

“NAY, 'TIS NOT THUS.”

A FRIEND, well wed, and happy now
As when he took a husband's vow,
Gives noble sanction to my verse,
In asking that my pen rehearse
A message, daily growing dear,
Of olden love, and faith, and fear.
Would all who love were wise as he
Who speaks these tender thoughts to me,
And true mate won with him to dwell
By grandly saying, thus, farewell !
“ Good-bye dear girl; a kind good-bye;
I can not tell the reason why
Thou canst refuse to bless my heart,
And hope and cheerfulness impart.

Why is it thus? why must it be?
That I no more may hope for thee.
Nay, 'tis not thus; God rules not so;
How adverse earth, what winds do blow,
Still, for each one, He rules o'er all,
Who sees the wounded sparrow fall.
He sends as often joy as grief,
And for each woe vouchsafes relief;
Designs, and brings, each dreaded ill,
With sweetest joy our cup to fill.
In this dear, trying, school of love
Dissent, perchance, is meant to prove
How much I love thee, and how well;
So thou thy heart may wisely tell.
This being so, no more good-bye;
Love brings me faith that tells me why;
A blessed, high, perennial trust
In thee as true, and God as just.”

THE BRIGHTER DAYS.

AS, when the stormy day is o'er,
The sunset sheds its golden store;
And as appears his native shore
To sailor seeking home once more;
To soldier, at the campaign's close,
The long wished furlough of repose—
So, troubled one, shall be thy bliss,
For brighter days shall follow this.
So be thou brave and never faint;
Propitious gods thy prayers and plaint
Shall hear, and thee shall fully bless;
To serve thee, thy worst foes impress;
Thou shalt have joy instead of grief,

No shallow happiness nor brief;
Thy nights shall glow with silver gleams ;
Good angels visit thee in dreams ;
Thy morning break with brightest beams,
Along thy path sing happy streams.
And soon successful thou shalt stand,
Serene on Faith's safe table-land ;
On thee shall heavenly radiance shine
And grand, inspiring, hopes be thine !

“IF EVERY ONE OBSERVED.”

TO _____

GOOD friend, if every one observed
The mandate to be kind ;
If all were courteous as thyself,
And helpfully inclined ;
How bright a scene this earth would be,
How light life's burdens prove ;
How blithe along life's rugged road
Would pilgrims singing move !

Sweet resonance of sparkling streams
Would bless life's desert drear ;
And birds would sing, and flowers and fruit
With fragrance fill the air !

There is no overestimate
Of kindness to our kind,
And brightest stars will bless the man
To courteous ways inclined !

“AND NUMBERED FORTY-SIX.”

READ AT THE REUNION OF THE 46TH MASSACHUSETTS.

BRAVE comrades, good, assembled,

To talk about the past,

How very brief the decade

Since we had roll-call last !

How keen our recollection

Of those September days,

When, at the camp near Springfield,

We took on soldier ways !

The railroad ride to Boston,

And sailing down the bay,

In those dear, damp, old transports !

Five storm-rocked days to stay !

The voyage down to Morehead;
The several Newbern camps;
And all the dreary drilling,
And all the Trent road tramps!

The picket post at Newport;
Our fears at Plymouth, when,
The rebels, with their ship built,
Would take the place again,
But suffered so from Foster,
At "little Washington,"
They trembled with great terror,
And from the region run!

The Kingston fight, and Whitehall,
The "Gum swamp" march and fight,

And all we did and suffered
In battling for the right,
Against the southern foemen,
In that rebellious land;
Till came a homeward order
For our militia band!

Although we were militia,
And served less than a year,
We gave the Johnny rebels,
Abundant cause for fear.
And, in the coming future,
No shame with pride will mix,
That we were Lincoln's soldiers,
And numbered Forty-six!

Now gone are camps and marches,
And gone the battle's noise;

A song to “caps” and “lieuties,”
The chaplain and “the boys;”
To our respected colonels,
And our brave major, grand,
And eke our brave, bright, adjutant,
And all who bore a hand!

To Bryant and his dozen,
Who held a thousand back!
When fierce along the Neuse road
They followed on our track!
And held the post so bravely,
The rebels feared brigades,
And hasted from that presence
When came the evening shades!

To all who did brave battle,
Or died in camp or plain!

And all at home who, bravely,
Endured bereavement's pain!—
The nation owes its honors,
And we give hearty thanks; -
Then cheer our dear old banner,
And then be breaking ranks!

With hope the nation never
See such another strife;
Such drafts upon our treasure,
Such sacrifice of life.
But should the rebel Southrons
Repeat their treacherous tricks,
The boys to meet and thrash 'em
Are numbered Forty-six!

OUR YANKEE LAND.

God bless the good New England hills !

And every valley there ;

God bless the mountain lakes and brooks,

And their salubrious air.

And choicest blessings rest upon

The people of those States ;

God grant them pleasant skies above,

With plenty at their gates.

Prosperity attend their toil,

In factory and field ;

And may their skill with car and ship

Abundant profit yield.

May pestilence and famine spare

This most delightful spot;
And distant be the day when crime
Its history shall blot.

Although appeareth sectional,
To sing New England's praise,
I point the nation's history,
Through dark and prosperous days,
For proof that our New England leads
In national affairs,
And, with ability and grit,
The nation's burdens bears.

So, then, full fearlessly, with joy,
Whatever banner flaunt;
Do rebel Southrons greet with scorn,
Or Britons with a taunt;

We'll sing their name, whose head and heart,
And never-faltering hand,
Have well upheld the stars and stripes—
God bless our Yankee land !

Oh could I be forgiven, did
My heart not turn to thee,
With gratitude and pride, dear land,
For all thou art to me !
Thine atmosphere and scenery,
Thy present, future, past ;
Thy trials first, and glory now,
To last while time shall last ?

God bless the land where I was born,
And played, a happy child,
Ere yet I saw a Southern swamp,

Or roamed a Western wild ;
And where, within a cot among
Our Massachusetts hills,
My early being was attuned
By cadence of the rills.

And, in the future of my life,
Where'er my pathway lies ;
Whatever lot is meted out,
Or kind, or cold my skies ;
Still evermore, my song, at home,
Or on a foreign strand,
Through life, and at the honest hour—
God bless our Yankee land !

THINE.

TO W. F. C.

THINE be a pride in that grand state,
Where ruled thy kindred well ;
And where may all thy kith and kin
In peace and safety dwell.

Thine be ambition high to keep
Select thy father's name,
Within the town thy father built,
And where he built his fame ;

Wherein mayst thou have during peace,
Good gains, true friends and home ;

And where, for thee, if days be dark,
Be brighter days to come.

Thine be that most selectest bliss
Among the joys of earth,
The blessed consciousness they have,
Who honor toiling worth,

And find their words and timely deeds,
From darkness and duress,
Have cheered and led deserving men
To sunlight and success !

Thine, then, shall be all earthly good ;
For thee will constant shine
Protecting stars, till death, and then
May heavenly joys be thine !

“AMONG THE LISBON HILLS.”

TO G. H. A.

MY noble friend, whose greeting kind
Transforms the town, to me,
From busy Babel, to a place
Of fountain, flower, and tree ;

From me bear words of cheer to her
Who taught thee noble ways,
And say I wish thy mother have
Serenest sunset days

In Lisbon village, 'mong the hills,
Where erst she taught her boy

In deeds of gentleness and trust

To find his highest joy!

And say I pray his noble ways

Full many more may lead,

Throughout their lives to bless their kind,

By helpful word and deed.

And tell to her my hopes to greet,

If favoring heaven wills,

The mother of my noble friend,

Among the Lisbon hills.

“CONCERNING ONE YOU LOVE.”

TO E. A. W.

YOU ask me, friend, for stanzas

Concerning one you love;

The angel of your dwelling,

Companion and your dove;

An artist of rare merit,

But versed in household cares;

A woman whose kind counsel

Aids all your own affairs;

A woman in whose presence

Your heart is ever strong,

And one you well might reckon

Above the grandest song!

So, then, as you have deemed me

Sufficient for the task,

I speak her worth in numbers,

As you were kind to ask;

And pray her skill in painting

Bring praise and good reward,

And both your lives be guarded

By angels of the Lord.

“OF THEE AND THINE.”

TO M. H. L.

THE thought of thee and thine doth cheer

And aids that I the nobler be,

And that thou holdest thine so dear,

Enhances thee and thine to me:

Thy mother, sweeter for her years;

A sister beaming with delight;

And with thee, one whom love endears,

And clustering offspring good and bright!

And when thou tellest me, with pride,

How nobly toiled thy mother, erst,

That her's with her might all abide;
And foiled with widow's hands the worst

That fortune and false friends could do
To break the circle of her home;
I glow with thee that she was true,
And wish her bright, good years to come!

“NO OTHER.”

TO ALICE ——.

GOOD maiden, happy, sweet and bright,
To home a constant, dear, delight ;
Like roses fragrant, pure and white,
Preserve thyself.

Do thou love birds, and flowers, and song ;
And peaceful be thy life, and long ;
And be he manly, true, and strong,
Who wins thy heart.

No other wouldst thou think to bless ;
No other worthy thy caress ;
With other, marriage worst duress,
And constant grief.

“FOR THEE A SONG.”

DEAR wife: amid the work that comes
My absence to prolong,

I take this bright and sunny hour
To rhyme for thee a song,

And thank thee for thy earnest prayers,
That God hath answered well,
In health, and hope, and many joys,
I have not time to tell ;

In friends who cheer me at my tasks,
And pray that God will bless,
And earnestly and constantly
Desire me good success ;

In grit to work and to endure,
And for success to wait;
In faith that God will keep me safe
From every cruel fate;

In faith that God is always thine,
And sends his angels near,
To guard and guide the darling one
Who holds my interests dear.

ON CANTERBURY GREEN.

(TO MR. AND MRS. J. D. BUTTS, GOOD PEOPLE FROM "WESTMINSTER HILL.")

THROUGHOUT the land, from east to west,

No more inviting scene,

Along the streams, and on the plains,

And all the hills between,

Than cheers the hearts of country folk

On Canterbury Green.

Good people still inhabit there,

And thrift and peace are seen,

As when, a hundred years ago,

The pioneers, I ween,

Broke turf on old Westminster Hill

And Canterbury Green.

Westminster neighbors are aware
What ancient "meetings" mean ;
And still there are two sermons given
With "nooning" wedged between !
Within the church that yet remains
On Canterbury Green.

In spite of all, there lingers still,
And ever will be seen,
A *shade* at which "all hands" grew pale
And showed their foolish spleen ;
Famed Prudence Crandall's negro school,
On Canterbury Green.

Far back in eighteen thirty-three,
Town meetings fierce were seen
Within the galleries of the church

On Canterbury Green ;
Where Judson's men by vote declared
Colored instruction mean !

Although the school was broken up,
The "cause" good progress made,
And now the Canterbury folk,
Of every name and grade,
Desire their parents' foolish ways
From memory to fade.

While on the banner of the land
The stars and stripes are seen,
May Canterbury folk have peace,
And keep their record clean,
And everybody speak good words
Of Canterbury Green.

“TOO MANY HEARTS ARE SAD TO-NIGHT.”

TOO many hearts are sad to-night,

I may not dance to music light.

They're sad from hunger and from pain,

And sad from sin's polluting stain.

Low down in cellars, up the stairs,

Where freely pass the winter airs ;

'Neath wretched shed, and in the street,

Where pelt the piercing storms of sleet,

Are pallid cheek, and sunken eyes,

And forms that never more may rise.

I may not dance to music light,

Too many hearts are sad to-night.

But some will wake, if touched aright,

To noble purpose and brave deed,
And grandly with their duty speed,
Achieving full, complete success,
While all the world, admiring, bless.
All this, if, now, one word, aright,
While you may skip to music light,
I speak to cheer them for the fight.
Too many hearts are sad to-night;
I may not dance to music light.

“OUR NORTHERN ROUTE.”

IN joyous spring or winter cold,
And in the autumn sun,
The trains upon our northern route
With good success are run.

And, bound to Methodistic camp,
Or going mountainward,
On picnics bent, or politics,
The people with accord

Declare they like the “River Road,”
Its managers and men ;
And when they wish another ride,
They'll try that route again.

BARNESVILLE.

TO
MR. ELIJAH S. GREENE,
MY FATHER,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIS SOLICITUDE FOR MY WELFARE, AND IN
ADMIRATION OF HIS COURAGE SHOWN IN A LIFE-
LONG STRUGGLE WITH ADVERSITY,

I Dedicate
“BARNESVILLE.”

In this centennial year of the nation which his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary army to establish, and to the salvation of which, in its latest great peril of the southern slaveholders' rebellion, he contributed by prayers, unheard by men, but heard and answered of heaven in the triumph of the national arms against the rebels, and by his counsel to Abraham Lincoln, which the president copied in his two most important state papers.

ELNATHAN BARNES.

TO ancient Barnesville glad revert,
Bid present times good-by ;

The faces and the scenes of Eld,
Let memory bring them nigh :

The autumn woods, and golden maize,
And old Thanksgiving day !

The winter wood-pile at the door,
And drifts that choked the way !

Strict Sundays at the hill-top church ;
Staid deacons in their pews ;
The preacher, at his lofty perch,
Discoursing gospel news !

Brown school-house near the beechen grove ;
The neighboring lumber mill ;
The home-made hand-sled, and the joys
Of coasting down the hill !

The old-time worthies of the place
Let us in numbers tell ;
Ascended some, and other some,
Who still in Barnesville dwell.

Elnathan Barnes of Barnesville, now,
Is very old and gray ;
But still he moves about the town
In quite a lively way.

His face is radiant with smiles,
His heart is warm and true ;

His neighbors all respect the man,

His enemies are few.

Though humble, Barnes has self-esteem,

And pride of family ;

And, though the Barneses erst were poor,

They have great history.

Two did brave deeds on Bunker Hill,

And honorable scars

The Barneses have acquired in all

The country's later wars.

Elnathan has a green old age,

And I propose this rhyme,

To publish, in this selfish age,

That, in the good old time,

Lived one who had supply, because
He shared his loaf and cup;
And rose to competence and fame
By lifting others up !

The town was a mere hamlet once,
A neighborhood of farms ;
No noise of mill or railway trains
Disturbed its rural charms !

Elnathan, even with the rest,
Kept to his daily rounds ;
An unambitious man, content
With rural tasks and bounds.

But, that Elnathan trouble had,
These stanzas must declare ;

And, strange to say, it chiefly rose
About his proper prayer.

The church far on the “center” hill
Within the valley place,
The school-house prayer at “candle light”
The only means of grace.

Elnathan there would “occupy,”
And briefly speak and pray,
Addressing prayers to heavenly powers
In a becoming way.

Although discreet his words and deeds,
His neighbors, jealous, “vowed,
Elnathan will be humbled, sure,
For he is growing proud ! ”

That one in humble circumstance
Should have his grammar good !
Was inconsistency which they
Had never understood !

But soon these neighbors were sore sick
And Barnes came kind to them,
To pour a cordial, and to ask,
If, in the Savior's name,

He might petition that the Lord
Spare them from threatened death ;
With tears they begged, in their behalf,
His supplicating breath !

Elnathan's prayer at last prevailed ;
His neighbors were restored ;

Elnathan used choice language still,
When he addressed the Lord !

When Barnesville had no rain he prayed,
And showers came gentle down ;
And trees with fruit, and fields with flowers,
The Lord, for Barnes, did crown !

From sin he prayed his friends be spared ;
From sin they all were kept ;
He prayed that grieving ones have joy,
And they no longer wept !

It is not true humility
To boast one's power with God,
And Barnes evinced no eagerness
To trump his prayers abroad.

Yet Lincoln's friends heard of his faith,
And asked that Barnes should pray
That Lincoln be the winning man
Upon election day.

And Barnesville folk believe his prayers
Helped that grand struggle through ;
And further, for this faithful man,
I know this much is true,

With humble mind, and vision clear,
Direct and brief of speech,
Barnes sent great Lincoln message plain,
With no attempt to teach.

And Lincoln used Elnathan's plans
To make the foemen flee,

Uphold the honor of the flag,

And set the bondmen free.

His wife is tender to the poor,

And happy in her cares

As though the angels made her calls

And she breathed Eden's airs !

She came from higher rank than Barnes,

It made much social fuss ;

For 'tis not "mode" with upper ten

That girls should marry thus.

But wed she would the homespun man,

And, since that happy day

A half a century⁴ of bliss

Rewards his gallant way.

Barnes does not care for politics;

Yet once was candidate,

And led all tickets in the field;

When Barnes's friends, elate,

Gave ample banquet to his name,

And Barnesville brave and fair

Petitioned for a wifely speech,

Since Mrs. Barnes was there.

She promptly rose and modest said

“If husband once begins,

The other suitors come to find

Elnathan always wins!”

Our Barnes's life does not consist

Alone in sentiment;

To think kind thoughts, and say good words,
His heart is not content.

When votes are wanted for the right,
Or money for the poor,
Or struggling ones desire to find
Themselves an open door;

Wherever pain to be relieved,
Or sickness, wanting care,
Or flagrant sin to be rebuked,
Elnathan Barnes is there!

With growth of Barnesville, Barnes's lands
Were sold at a great gain ;
Yet with this pleasant luck our Barnes
Was modest, strong, and plain.

Two governors name Barnes their friend,
Six statesmen send their cards ;
And frequently a merchant prince
Vouchsafes his kind regards.

These special, sincere, favors shown,
I deemed some secret kept ;
And Barnes replied in broken tones,
As tears of joy he wept,

“Who lifts and cheers his fellow-man,
His lands will see no dearth ;
And he with joy shall walk among
The nobles of the earth !”

Half of the Barnesville people are
Elnathan’s relatives ;

One drives a mammoth lumber mill,

And one tough physic gives !

Two thrive in mercantile concerns,

One for the railway cares ;

One preaches well, and one is versed

In custom house affairs.

The Barnesville sheriff is a Barnes,

And Barneses, I opine,

Have "cherished hopes," as who has not,

As governor to shine !

THE SUNDAY TEACHER.

THE Barnesville Sunday teacher, wise,
Is gone, whose face for years
Glowed at recital of my joys,
And saddened at my tears ;

Dear Hiram Barnes, that noble man,
Considerate and good !
Whose manly ways showed well that he
My nature understood !

On Sunday noon, the preaching done,
And benediction said,
The class, assembled in his pew,
The “ word ” together read.

And wise remarks the teacher made,
That angel of my youth ;
If pointedly, yet tenderly,
To carry home the truth !

And fragrant will the memory be,
Of that devoted friend,
When Barnesville and all other towns
In nothingness shall end !

JOHN CARLTON.

A BRAVE man is John Carlton,
Who runs the night express,
And one the brightest angels
Delight to guard and bless.

And noble is the woman
Who shares John Carlton's joys ;
And bore, to bless his brave heart,
Four bright-eyed girls and boys.

It was by gallant action
He won his lady's heart ;
Not by a wealth of presents,
Nor by the courtier's art.

He was a homely rustic,
Of twenty years, or so,
A brakeman on the night train,
A score of years ago.

The man who then commanded
Was cowardly and vile ;
And used his place and cunning,
The sinless to beguile.

And with some sporting fellows,
By praise of voice and curl,
To ride upon the night train,
Had lured a bright-eyed girl.

They whispered basest insult,
That brought a blush of shame :

John Carlton saw her peril,
His eyes with wrath aflame!

And as they neared the station,
And seized to lead away,
And she, in wildest terror,
Began to weep and pray,

John Carlton's quick blows felled them,
Conductor and his crew,
And opening the car door
He thrust the villains through.

The passengers applauded,
And they who owned the road,
Assembled at headquarters,
Official praise bestowed.

John Carlton was appointed
The chief man of the train,
With orders, if it need be,
To act as brave again.

A year from this occurrence,
John Carlton claimed the heart
He earned by gallant action,
Above the courtier's art.

Her parents gave them blessing,
And wished them golden days,
And I wish all would copy
John Carlton's noble ways.

THE JOURNALIST.

Of all the news quick knowing,
Our journalistic man,
Occurrences to gather,
Has very happy plan.

And all the trains incoming
Bear missives filled with news
Of governors' elections,
And renting parish pews ;

Discussions of the State assemblies
Proceedings of the courts,
A college boy's orations,
And his aquatic sports ;

The business of the rail-roads,

And accidents by rail ;

The sending men to congress,

And sending men to jail !

The latest star in painting,

And newest one that sings ;

The robbing on the highways,

And robbing by “ the rings ;”

The floods that whelm the vallies,

And fires that scorch the earth ;

Good augury of plenty,

And signs of coming dearth ;

The weddings and divorces,

Each large and little strife,—

And all the joys and sorrows
Of this eventful life !

Of all the news quick knowing,
Our journalistic man,
Occurrences to gather
Has very happy plan !

THE WICKED.

THE simple truth compels to say
Barnesville has wicked men ;
We pray that when they pass from earth
Their like come not again !

One has a special greed for claims
And steals his neighbors' lands ;
An undertaker joys to have
Fresh orders on his hands !

A scrub attorney gloats o'er feuds
That aid his meager fees !
And gossips glib, take keen delight
To fan a social breeze !

Still, Barnesville is by heaven vouchsafed
Prosperity and peace,—
In all that 's pleasant, through all days,
May that good town increase !

SATIRES.

THE CRITICS.

THE wicked wish some critics have,
And knack, and greed to kill,
May pass quite readily for taste,
And evidence of skill !

But were there none to write a rhyme,
Or paragraph of prose,
How critics then would pass their time,
Is more than mortal knows.

They might ascend the upper spheres
And criticise the stars,
And teach good manners and good sense
To Jupiter and Mars :

Then clip away old Saturn's rings,
And set him bounds to run ;
Or venture near the solar fires
To regulate the sun.

And should these critics go to Heaven,
Their joy would be to tell
How saints might tune their harps correct,
And sing hosannas well !

THE ALLOPATHS.

I WISH that all the allopaths
Had all their sins forgiven,
And were translated from the earth
To highest seats in Heaven !

And all their books of medicine,
And all the drugs they mix
Were ferried far, and finally
Beyond the river Styx !

The pleasant herbs that healthful grow
On every happy hill,
God has ordained to aid the sick,
And calomel will kill.

May light be given with coming years,
And mild "botanics" rule ;
And only history record,
There was another school !

MY LITANY.

FROM mushroom mayors of little towns

With vanity inflated,

Whose worth by citizens and self

Is vastly overrated ;

From wordy politicians, bent

On making a sensation ;

From chance-made governors of states,

Who don't deserve the station ;

From officers who go to war

To dangle swords about 'em,

And eye the enemy from far,

But never try to rout 'em ;

From men imbued with sham reforms,

And anxious to be teachers ;

From puppet pulpiteers, in place

Of able men for preachers ;

From men who prove supremely small

When you had thought them royal ;

From citizens who traitors turn,

When they 're expected loyal—

From such as these, good Lord, defend,

And graciously deliver,

And send us manly men instead,

And we will praise Thee ever !

THE DEAD DOUGHERTY.

“ **L**ET Erin weep ; my Bridget's dead ! ”

Said Dougherty, one day ;

“ Ye Celtic braves bewail her all,

And Priest O'Connor pray.

Then round the corpse, for carnival,

Assemble with your wine,

To mark her exit from the world

With drunkenness divine !

“ The Yankee Puritans may rate

Such obsequies as sin,

But Irishmen have special right

To aid their grief with gin !

So light the candles for the dead
And drink unto her joy,
That she may safely pass where hell
Can never more annoy !

“ Brave is the way the Irish die,
And grand the funeral rite
Where sober men are not allowed,
Nor those afraid to fight !
Hit hard and sharp my lively lads,
A glorious battle make ;
Then drink again, and swear and fight—
Such is the Irish wake ! ”

THE IMPERIAL.

IMPERIAL moves the lofty John

Along the village street,

His head in pain from hitting stars,

While boys with laughter greet

His supercilious presence cold,

And manners of the sky ;

The common folk award him space,

And dogs his coming fly !

Proud peacocks, jealous of his style,

Have much discussed a plan

To rid themselves, and rid the earth,

Of this sublimest man !

May heavenly powers their hatred thwart,
And cool their mighty ire,
Spare him from griefs of common men,
And from the final fire !

Give him above a lofty seat,
And caution Gabriel well
To quench such jealousy as plunged
Prince Lucifer to hell—

Old Lucifer, who fell from power
At less offending pride
Than that by which, when John shall rise,
Good Gabriel will be tried !

A PLEASANT GROUP.

TO

E. L. M., AND HER FRIENDS,

THIS VERSE, ANENT THAT

“ PLEASANT GROUP ”

OF EXCELLENT LADIES,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

“ COME, HAPPY BIRD.”

COME, happy bird of sweetest note,
Bright bird of blithest wing,
Of one who close resembles thee,
Thy choicest matin sing.

She charms her home as thou thy bower
With liquid warblings sweet,
And marks each hour with sincere words
And winsome ways discreet.

Her smiles and songs as free as air
Are decorous and coy ;
No cloud remains to those she cheers
With her perennial joy.

Sing, bird, so bravely and so well,
That one who seeks her hand

Shall be inspired to speak and act
The bravest in the land !

For only thus shall he attain
To favor in her eyes
Who but withholds, that he may win,
What he esteems a prize ;

While hers is modest estimate
Of worth she may possess ;
As thine, sweet warbler, of thy songs
His listening ears that bless.

Come happy bird of sweetest note
Bright bird of blithest wing,
Of one who close resembles thee
Thy choicest matin sing.

FOR WORDS SELECT.

M AIDEN discreet, I give thee praise
For words select and comely ways,
And wish thee many joyous days,
And worthy friends.

May Honor win, by grand address,
The blissful good of thy caress,
And True Love come, thy heart to bless,
And Hope to cheer.

For all like thee discreetly kind
May every cloud be silver-lined ;
For them be thornless roses twined,
And evergreen !

THE BRIGHT AND WISE.

O BLEST with innocence and health,
And wisdom far above thy years,
Who hast not felt heart-rending griefs
Nor wept the bitter, scalding tears,—

Thou prized by all the excellent,
And light of every village home
Where friendship welcomes thee to call
Or mercy bids thee helpful come,—

Exquisite maiden, whose bright ways
Are pride of her who did thee bear,
And who these years, with widow's hands
Hath nurtured thee with fondest care,—

Prize thou thyself, thy mother prize,
Thy home and all its quiet joys ;
And keep thee, much as in thee lies,
From earth's frivolity and noise.

Cherish the gift of thy good sense,
And earnest bravery to keep
Thy soul from all that causes shame
And makes the watching angels weep !

For thee God grant the kindest skies,
For thee sincerest noblest friends ;
For thee all earth's substantial good,
And heaven, when earth's ordeal ends.

For him whose worth deserves thy heart,
And whose brave ways thy heart shall win ;

May brightest stars benignant beam,

For him and all his noble kin.

O blest with innocence and health,

And wisdom far above thy years,

Thy heart be long unknown to grief,

And long thine eyes unknown to tears !

“ SERENEST STAR.”

SERENEST star thy radiance shed
For one of highest worth,
A lady whose grand ways speak more
Of heaven than of the earth ;

And earth transform to be so like
To heaven, that it seems
To be not earth, but Eden's bowers,
And meads, and singing streams !

She is unconscious of her worth
And excellences rare,
Which speak her of the royal kin
That few but angels share.

While fully fitted for the skies,
She is content to wait
And work to bless this world of want,
And reach her heaven late !

Serenest star, thy beams find not,
In any clime of earth,
More pure unselfishness than this,
Nor more exalted worth.

“WHERE FLOWERS BLOOM.”

BRIGHT maiden of the noble heart,
Good angels thee defend ;
High joys be thine, and happy Hope
Inspiring influence lend.

Where flowers bloom, and brooklets sing,
And pleasant sunbeams come ;
Where peace shall be, and plenty dwell,
I wish for thee a home

With one of gentleness and grit,
So manly, grand and strong,
His life with thine shall harmonize
Like blending notes of song !

“THE STARS HAVE HEARD.”

FULL oft the stars have heard thee say
Thou thinkst him grand and true,
Yet never hadst thou dared to hope
That he would love thee too.

To thee unconscious of thy charms,
Unthinking of thy worth,
’Twas wonder that for him thy love
Should make a heaven of earth.

Thou winsome one, sincere and sweet,
So frank, and yet so coy,—
If strange it seems, yet ’tis not strange
Thy love should give him joy !

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRAND OLD GREENFIELD.

THIS fine old shire of Franklin,
This Deerfield valley gem,
This home of grandest people
Has one thing to condemn,—
The witching wine-cup curses
With darkness and distress ;
But honor's pledges honored
Will brighten and will bless
This fine old shire of Franklin,
This Deerfield valley gem,
Where dwell the grandest people—
With one thing to condemn !

These workers for the people
And servants of the Lord,
To labor here in Franklin
Good welcome we accord—
Welcome to grand old Greenfield,
This Deerfield valley gem,
Where dwell the grandest people
With one thing to condemn !
Where, with humane endeavor,
Wise, earnest, and with hope,
Shall be no more remaining
The most accursed cup !

Then, in their noble mission,
These servants of the Lord,
To labor here in Franklin,
Full welcome we accord—

To raise and cheer the fallen
And point the way aright
From bondage into freedom,
From darkness to the light,
Until in grand old Greenfield,
This Deerfield valley gem,
This home of noblest people
There's nothing to condemn !

“ EARTH’S BRIGHTEST STAR.”

(RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. ALBERT MONTAGUE OF SUNDERLAND.)

GOD blesses most the men whose hearts
With kind emotions burn ;
More than they bless their fellow-men
He honors them in turn.

The greatest kindness we can do,
Of which there needs the most,
Is living so heart-worried ones
Can come to us for trust.

’Tis royal to believe in men ;
It lifts us out earth’s dust ;

The man we trust a man to be
We make the man we trust !

Faith is the sun succeeding storm ;

Spring, after Winter's blast ;
Heaven's health and peace when plague
And pestilence are past ;

Sweet, joy-inspiring airs, to chase
The desert's torrid breath ;
Verdure and singing birds, in place
Of barrenness and death.

Faith is earth's brightest star of hope,
Salvation and its cause,
The dispensation following
The prophets and the laws—

The newer and the better way,
Proclaimed by angel song ;
The dawn at night whose light extends
The centuries along !

And, doubtless, in the upper realm,
Where ransomed people be,
Our trust on earth shall shine, an orb
To light eternity !

A SILVER DAY.

THE silver bells a merry peal
Ring forth, with joy, to-night,
The anniversary to tell
Of that occasion bright,

When, twenty years, and five, ago,
Were wed this worthy pair ;
To walk the various road of life,
Or bleak their skies, or fair.

And, kept by providential care,
They reach this pleasant scene,
Where friends present their silver gifts
And hang the evergreen !

Here kindred come, to keep the day ;
And clustering children, here ;
And thoughtful neighbors, with good deeds,
And sincere words, are here !

O blessed friendship, noble, grand,
That prompts the kindness shown
To signalize this silver day,
And bind these hearts as one !

“THE BAY STATE’S FORTY-SECOND.”

WHEN, erst, the nation was besieged
By armed rebellious foemen,
And peace had fled, and skies were dark
With every direful omen ;
And Lincoln, from the capitol,
For aid so wishful beckoned,
Not least among the men to march
The Bay state’s Forty-second !

Now that the din of war is done,
And glad the war cloud’s risen,
They come with thought of camp and field,
And of the rebel prison !

They gather here for hearty words,
In kindly interest spoken
To make the bands of friendship strong
That never may be broken !

Should Treason arm again its hosts,
To fill the land with trouble,
Her deepest schemes of ill would prove
An evanescent bubble ;
For Burrill's men would rally all,
And march, with others like them,
To capture quick the forts and guns
And ever more to spike them.

And wishing you much earthly joy,
And entrance late to heaven,

I speak this sincere offering
In rythmic numbers given,
By one who deems it pleasant fame
That he is welcome reckoned,
A member in good standing with
The Bay state's Forty-second !

BERKSHIRE SCENES.

WHEN next the heated term returns,
And high the summer solstice burns,
Our hearts shall find supreme delight
In breezes on some Berkshire hight ;
And neither shall our visit fail
In Housatonic's pleasant vale,
Where days shall peaceful come and go
As star-strewn streams of dreamland flow.
When Lenox and its lakes are done
Our coach shall drive to Barrington,
The home of cultured men of note,
The fine old town where Bryant wrote ;
Where urban folk the season pass
Amid the maples and the grass ;

Where finely alternated scene,
Of furrowed field and meadows green ;
Where mountains grand, and valleys fair,
And broad estates, preserved with care ;
Where bright cascades and healthful springs
Make fit resort for noblest kings.

A GOLDEN DAY.

MOST joyous day when kindred, good,
And old acquaintance dear,

Assemble with fit tokens, kind,
And words of hearty cheer,

To greet and bless the aged pair

Who fifty years ago,
Took vows to share each other's lot,
Or be it joy or woe.

Ye silvered ones, as ye review

These fifty toilsome years,
How brief appear their flitting scenes
Of varied joys and tears !

And yet, with grandest meaning fraught,
Was golden every day,
With rest for all the toil, and sun
To drive each cloud away.

And, grateful that good Providence
Hath kept you hitherto,
We pray the angels guard your steps
The earthly journey through.



NOTE.

IT has been supposed by many that the "Smithville Worthies" described in "Rhymes of Yankee Land" were painted principally from residents of a village in the extreme western border of Hampden County, Massachusetts. But such is not the fact; though the originals of the "sinners" described lived there. The "brainless, brassy brag" pictured means a former merchant of the village, and a rich, tyrannical and self-righteous citizen of the place "sat" for the portrait of "Abijah Beers," a combination of cruelty and meanness, above whose grave "thistles thrive." "Crispin Crane," whose ready wit earned him an election to the legislature, doubtless represents an old gentleman in a neighboring Berkshire town locally noted for his terse, bright sayings. The much-esteemed late George B. Morris, of Springfield, for years clerk of the courts for Hampden county, furnished the features in the picture of "the long tried county clerk," a central figure of the court group introduced in the narration of Crane's experience as juror; and the magistrate, "polite and prompt," presiding at that term, resembled Judge J. P. Put-

nam of the Massachusetts Superior Court. "The Yankee Westward" meant and means a worthy citizen and enterprising and successful business man, well known at the West, Hon. Francis E. Warren, of Cheyenne, a native of Hinsdale, in the same mountainous section of Massachusetts that produced Henry L. Dawes, Edwin D. Morgan, Gen. James C. Rice, William Cullen Bryant, and other great and successful Americans. "A tribute" is paid to an elderly lady of Springfield, recently deceased, and whose life was a pattern of wisdom and godliness; and a grateful "acknowledgment" is made to a distinguished gentleman formerly of Springfield, for timely and wise words of counsel and encouragement.

In writing the poems added in the present edition, the author doubtless had in mind still other persons and places in Western Massachusetts. Some of the touching scenes of the Mill River flood have brief mention in the poem, "Williamsburg," and "Fence up the Way," was suggested by the self forgetfulness and noble care for others manifested by Mr. Edward Moseley, of Westfield, when found severely injured in the ruins of a fallen bridge at Hatfield, in March, 1874. The mother of this unselish man is the lady to whom the word of cheer was addressed on her seventy-sixth birthday anniversary. A returned Berkshire captain is the "old-time lover" eulogized for his manliness.

Silence is appropriate in reference to the name and the residence

of the noble woman who, after great trials, returned to the "grand old mansion" of her youth, "placed the bitter sweet" as emblem of her sufferings and the good she proposed to do for others, and "reticent of grief," made no mention of her troubles "beyond a first revealing." The original of the picture might have been a woman of talent and excellence, toiling in a paper mill at Holyoke to earn support denied by a gambling husband; or an elderly lady driven by an unfilial son and his wife from a much-loved and well-earned home at Suffield, Conn.; or a brave, good woman returning to her girlhood's home in Hampshire county from a search for a long-absent husband, to whose house, at the South, she was refused admittance by a new wife of her own faithless lord! But let the name and the home of the real heroine of the poem be unpronounced in an inquisitive and inconsiderate world!

The poem "And Numbered Forty-Six," was read at the first reunion of the Forty-Sixth Massachusetts, a regiment that served with credit in defense of the nation against the "rebel southrons." Of this battalion, William S. Shurtleff, of Springfield, Mass., and L. B. Walkley, of Westfield, were the colonels; Samuel B. Spooner, of Springfield, was major, and James G. Smith, of Holyoke, adjutant. The brave man who, with a dozen comrades, "held a thousand back," is Mr. A. S. Bryant of Springfield and the Boston and Albany Railroad, who was a member of Company A with the rank of sergeant,

and at the time mentioned was detailed on picket on the Neuse Road, at a bridge one mile out from the outpost at "Batcheller's Creek, N. C." At Batcheller's the Company were stationed, Captain Lewis A. Tiffet commanding. The rebels on their march, by that route, to recapture Newbern, came, one afternoon, upon Bryant, with ten times his numbers. He bravely repelled their fierce attack and held the bridge. Company A subsequently came up; and the whole band, numbering not over fifty, remained all night on their arms. The enemy supposed that behind this handful of soldiers was massed the whole Union army, and at night retreated and relinquished their attempt to take the city. In recognition of his bravery at the bridge, a medal of honor was awarded by "The Congress to Sergeant A. S. Bryant."

The noble traits of an upright and chivalrous man, native of New Hampshire, and blessed with a happy home in New Jersey, are traced to the wise teachings and healthful example of his mother, who resides in a charming village "Among the Lisbon Hills." "Thee and Thine" speaks of the sweetness and worth of a lady, now silvered with age, whose heroisms in earning "with widow's hands" a support for a large family of children are worthy the highest praise. The excellencies of "Elnathan Barnes" remind the reader of a quiet, thinking, prayerful man, native of Brookfield and resident in Berkshire, whose wise, laconic sayings will ever be fragrant in the memory of his kindred. But in making up an ideal, authors frequently avail themselves of the features of several originals; and in allusion to the political

experience of "Elnathan Barnes," the writer had reference, no doubt, to that memorable contest of several years ago, in the "Second Franklin District,"—more exciting than any presidential campaign,—which culminated in defeating a demagogue and electing to the legislature that public-spirited citizen and respected magistrate, Mr. Albert Montague. The demonstration in celebrating this success at the Sunderland town hall was attended by a multitude, and was as joyous an occasion as was ever witnessed in that fine old town, or in the whole Massachusetts section of the valley, from Longmeadow, with its famous May breakfasts, to Bernardston, where Nahum S. Cutler, and his like, do so much to make old "Fall town" the charming place it is—in this most delightful section of New England, filled with nooks of historic and romantic interest, and threaded by that well-managed "northern route," the Connecticut River railroad, whose every mile is marked by some celebration, and whose every train has borne tens of thousands of people to and from memorable occasions.

An editor who once worked in Springfield, is anxious not to have it said that he sat for the portrait of "that lofty John," whose head is "in pain from hitting stars." Another person similarly anxious concerning the same picture, is a would-be artist, whose wretched daubing will make "abundant sport to after days." Others affirm that the original is a certain self-conceited general manager of a railroad, whose arrogance has done more to reduce the business of his route, than has the opening of powerful rival lines. An excellent citizen of Franklin County, is remembered in "Earth's Brightest Star;" and the Cutler

fiftieth anniversary at Bernardston, Mass., December 5, 1876, was occasion for the verses concerning 'A Golden Day.' The Lester twenty-fifth anniversary at Miller's Falls, Mass., the same month, finds rhythmic record on the 199th page of the book.

“RHYMES OF YANKEE LAND.”

Concerning this book of poems from the pen of Mr. Aella Greene, the press and people speak in these unmistakable terms of admiration :

“ We read the volume through at a sitting without a diversion of the eyes from its silvery pages, and commend it to all who love the good, the true, and the beautiful. It is fragrant with simplicity, and originality of style, and sings as charmingly as a bird in the forest, the sweet carols of everyday life.”—*Hannibal (Mo.) Courier*.

“ Deeds of heroism that else would have remained unknown beyond the immediate friends of the actors, are here embalmed in pleasant verse. The volume will be of interest not only for the local associations, but for the accurate character delineations it contains and the elegant verse in which they are presented.”—*Lowell Daily Courier*.

“ Mr. Greene knows how to dispense with superfluity, and in his poems the severely simple and strictly true in thought and utterance, throw their harmonies upon us. They show genius and care, and breathe upon us the pure atmosphere of industrious, cultivated New England.”—*St. Albans Messenger*.

“ It is creditable to Mr. Greene, that, in an imitative age, when every singer has more or less of the mocking bird, he has held fast to his own experience and his own arrangement of meters and tropes.”—*Springfield Republican*.

“ Of all the New England friends to whom the volume is dedicated

there cannot be one who will not be gratified with the contents."—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

"Mr. Greene must be a close observer. His poems strike the heart, so genial and expressive are they."—*Providence Press.*

"The poems possess freshness and naturalness, combined with a rare rhythmical beauty."—*Battle Creek Journal.*

"These poems have sung themselves before the world and need not tremble in presence of sage or king."—*Vermont Paper.*

"The patriotic praises of Yankee Land met with a hearty response to every line."—*President W. S. Clark.*

"'When you and I were boys' is a fine poem exhibiting a lively fancy and a cultivated taste."—*Binghampton, N. Y. Republican.*

"Mr. Aella Greene of Springfield has struck the right key-note in his 'Rhymes of Yankee Land.'—*Athol Transcript.*

"The book overflows with the life of the farm, the school and the meeting-house."—*Adams Transcript.*

"Full of the happiness of the clover-field."—*Holyoke Transcript.*

"Mr. Greene has a love for the sterling Yankee character."—*Northampton Journal.*

"It beams with light."—*Western Hampden Times.*

"Fitted to lighten care and brighten life."—*St. Johnsbury Caledonian.*

"A genial humor and faithful portraiture."—*Kalamazoo Telegraph.*

"Sketches by a master-hand."—*Galesburg (Ill.) Register.*

"Even photographically correct."—*Albany Evening Times.*

"It has merit of a high order."—*Berkshire County Eagle.*

"Unique, original and truthful"—*Providence Journal.*

"Veritable poems."—*Springfield Republican.*

"An admirable book."—*Prof. Hiram Orcutt.*

"Pleasant Poems."—*Greenfield Gazette.*

"‘The pansied yard, the slant well-sweep,’ touch the Yankee heart in the tenderest wise. ‘The thick-leaved maples where you hid when pattered down the rain,’ make a memory sweet to many who have so sheltered from showers that have come up in strawberry picking.”—*Springfield Republican*.

“One poem of rare merit—glorious in its harmony with human experience and human woe—we would fain reproduce entire, but our space forbids, and a few stanzas must suffice :

‘How blessed and true the belief
That the joy which comes after grief
Is sweeter and never so brief
As other joys!’

Among the ‘Smithville worthies,’ whom the poet portrays with a graphic pen, is conspicuously seen ‘Old Mr. Smith,’ whose sterling qualities are handsomely compressed into verse.”—*Hannibal (Mo.) Courier*.

“Aptly expressing the ideas of their Yankee author.”—*Palmer Journal*.

“The ‘Smithville’ poem abounds in humorous hits and close fits.”—*Springfield Republican*.

“The poem ‘Williamsburg’ is a gem.”—*Gov. W. B. Washburn*.

“Whoever reads ‘When you and I were Boys,’ will exclaim with us, Beautiful!”—*South Norwalk (Ct.) Sentinel*.

“The poem ‘When you and I were Boys’ has life-like pictures, and the language is very fine.”—*Hon. E. B. Gillett*.

Samuel Bowles, founder of the *Springfield Republican*, said of the author of “Rhymes of Yankeeland:” “Mr. Greene is the best bard of the Valley,” and concerning that very expressive compliment said, “I should not have said it had I not meant it.” One critic says, “The book is certainly original in style and has no superfluities about it.

Nothing could be added to it in the way of terseness and square, honest meaning, not to mention a keen sense of the ludicrous and a keener contempt for all that is cruel and mean, and admiration for all brave and noble traits in men of whatever station." Another critic says of the poems: "Their truthful imagery and genial humor reach the heart and appeal at once to our love of the pure and good, while, with accurate rythm and a captivating blending of simplicity and elegance of expression, they tell the triumphs and joys of retiring, home-loving people." Still another speaks in these expressive terms: "Mr. Greene's poems bear the mark of a distinct original individuality. They have the strength of sincerity and fidelity to nature, and have a ringing, robust, healthy manliness pervading them. He has 'spoken plainly and briefly,' 'utilizing beauty and beautifying utility.' "

"'Rhymes of Yankee Land,' the book of charming poems by Mr. Aella Greene of Springfield, has reached its seventh edition. Familiar with men and manners in Yankee Land, Mr. Greene writes of its characters and institutions in easy, terse, original style, and the reader, if he be a New Englander, is sure to catch the spirit and peruse with unalloyed pleasure the truthful verses. The book has been enlarged since its first appearance, and it is printed and bound in faultless style. We are pleased to learn that it has met a warm reception, and trust it will find a place in every family library."—*Greenfield Gazette*.

"In the poem 'Williamsburg,' scenes of the Mill River disaster are depicted in verse destined to immortal fame." "To the critics who may find ought to say in dispraise of the book, we feel constrained to quote Mr. Greene's own words:

"And should these critics go to Heaven,
Their joy would be to tell
How saints might tune their harps correct
And sing hozannas well!""—*Fitchburg Sentinel*.

"We commend the book to all lovers of genuine poetry. It is fresh, sparkling and original. Mr. Greene sketches with a master hand, and deals with life as one finds it in 'Yankee Land.' The 'Smithville Worthies' include several strikingly original characters, so naturally described, that one can readily call to mind their prototypes in any New England town."—*The Household.*



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